

26 100 To S. Sewall - from Plymouth when a prisoner
there 1776

U.N.B. ARCHIVES

D^r Stephen

These few Lines come to let you know
That I am well - hope you are so
(The true stile this epistolary
From ^{ch} good writers ne^r should vary)
Also to give you information
Of my present Situation
Quite unlike your's who now at ease
Can ramble where so e'er you please

27 In town or out on foot or Ray on
To Church to Burdick's or the Dragon
Can go see Tom can dine with Prince
At night beat Peter of his pence
Who with ill luck quite surly made
Growls like a bear with broken head
While I poor Divil am here confin'd
In a place wch no way suits my mind
For being (you know all my Story)

A sad incorrigible Tory
^{and now am so left in the lurch}
^{my heaven's seat is gone to church}
How ever even let it run
it's a d - d long Lane w^{ch} has no turn

101 When she fond blushing willing Maid
My long lov'd wish'd for Maid said
Now, Now, I'm ever thine

5

O how my Soul did then expand
To catch that willing trembling Hand
Which gave the best of Hearts;
The crimson Cheek the down-cast Eye
The fault'ring Tongue the flattering Sigh
That tender Love imparts

6

When she with every Virtue fraught
By the enarrou'd World was sought
And scorn'd them all for me
When she prefer'd my Vows alone
To many Lovers left to moan
My envied Lot to see

7

What tranquil days what blissful nights
What social joys what dear delights
That blest I taught to bless
When not a care could intervene
To cloud the pure celestial Scene
Or image one distress